

"AMERICAN GIGOLO"

Pilot Episode  
Written by

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A single piano chord, Dm. It decays. Then a second chord, Bb. As it decays, we --

FADE IN:

CLOSE ON JULIAN KAYE. 44. A beautiful, soulful face hidden under a long beard. Hair net over his crew cut. An apron, gloves and a serving spoon.

PULL BACK.

1 INT. PRISON CAFETERIA - DAY

Julian serves mashed potatoes to his fellow inmates. Plate by plate by plate. A dog eared copy of *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* by Proust on the stool behind him.

Dm. Bb.

2 EXT. 92ND STREET AND SEPULVEDA PARK - DAY

From a distance, a birthday party for a five-year-old. 20 kindergarten kids from the neighborhood, black, latino, some white, sit on the ground while AIRPLANES take off and land at LAX. It's loud as hell. But for young boys who love machines, it's heaven.

There's a picnic table with balloons. And food and drinks and an airplane cake. And there are parents talking, or trying to talk, above the din. There also, alone on a park bench, away from the crowd, sits a man named REUBEN SUNDAY.

Reuben is 63, a recently retired LAPD Homicide Detective, though you wouldn't know it from looking at him, dressed in shorts and a t-shirt and sandals. He looks out of place as he watches these happy kids play, safely protected by their parents.

Then the sound of sirens pulls his attention toward Sepulveda. A black and white whizzes past, siren blaring. Then another. And another. He perks up for a moment, then watches the cars disappear. When the last one is gone, he slumps back down.

An attractive 32-year-old woman, EVE (Reuben's only daughter) walks across the park and sits down next to her father.

EVE

There's gonna be cake and lemonade next. Then a pinata.

SUNDAY

Blindfolded five-year-olds with baseball bats hopped up on sugar.

EVE

We're giving all the kids balsa wood airplanes. To make at home with their parents.

SUNDAY

That'll be frustrating for everyone.

EVE

Jesus, dad.

Sunday smiles.

SUNDAY

It's great. It really is. I'm happy I can be here for this.

Eve kisses Sunday on the cheek.

EVE

No you're not. But I appreciate the effort.

Eve stands, walks away from her father. Sunday sits, bored.

3 EXT. EXERCISE YARD - DAY

Julian does pull ups on the fence while larger, tattooed inmates lift weights, sweat and groan. Julian, balletic, lean, pays them no attention. Continues his repetitions.

4 EXT. SUNDAY'S RANCH HOUSE - WESTCHESTER - DAY

Sunday pulls up in his ten-year-old Chevrolet. Gets out, then walks around to the trunk. Pulls out his groceries, walks into his house.

5 INT. SUNDAY'S RANCH HOUSE - LATER

Sunday sits on his couch, watches a cop movie, eats cereal from a bowl. A sound out front, someone by the door. He stands, suddenly alert, and walks toward the sound. He peeks OUTSIDE just in time to see the mail lady dropping today's mail on his front porch.

Sunday opens the door as she goes. Looks down. It's all advertisements. And coupons. And an AARP Magazine.

Sunday walks back in, sits down to continue with his film. Then his phone RINGS. He stares at it - the number is government. He answers.

SUNDAY

Sunday.

Sunday listens.

Dm. Bb.

6 INT. PRISON LIBRARY - DAY

Julian shelves books, same action, over and over again.

7 EXT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON, LANCASTER - DAY

The parking lot for visitors just outside the massive complex. San Bernardino mountains in the distance. Cold morning for Southern California, you can see the exhaust from the cars, the breath from visitors queuing up outside the sally port.

Sunday pulls up in his Chevy, parks and emerges from the car.

He walks up to a prison guard.

SUNDAY

Reuben Sunday.

\*

The guard nods, opens the door. Sunday disappears inside.

Dm. Bb.

8 INT. HALLWAY - MEDICAL WING - STATE PRISON, LANCASTER - LATER

Sunday walks with the prison CHAPLAIN.

CHAPLAIN

His name is Kevin Flaherty. Said he needed to confess something. Asked for you by name.

\*

\*

SUNDAY

Never heard of him.

\*

\*

The Chaplain approaches the prison hospital door, a guard outside.

\*

CHAPLAIN

Here to see Mr. Flaherty.

\*

The guard pulls out his keys, opens the door to the prison infirmary.

PRISON GUARD

(nods to Flaherty)  
Cancer's too good for that piece of shit.

\*

\*

The chaplain winces, continues through the door with Sunday.

9 INT. PRISON INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS

Sunday sits by KEVIN FLAHERTY (fifties, tattooed, his body ravaged by cancer). Flaherty's eyes are closed. The Chaplain leans over him.

CHAPLAIN

Kevin. This is Detective Sunday. \*

They wait.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

Kevin?

Nothing. Sunday, impatient, suddenly kicks the bed. Flaherty's eyes open. \*

SUNDAY

Hey. Asshole. I drove all the way from LA. \*

Flaherty closes his eyes again. So Sunday kicks his bed again. \*

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

Wake the fuck up. \*

Flaherty opens his eyes again. He takes in as much breath as he can, struggles to speak, his throat cancer has taken his voice nearly completely away.

FLAHERTY

Mulholland Drive.

SUNDAY

What?

FLAHERTY

The dead girl.

SUNDAY

What dead girl?

Flaherty takes a few deep breaths.

FLAHERTY

Mulholland. The Chinese prostitute. \*

Flaherty's eyes close.

SUNDAY

What about her? \*

Sunday digs his fingers into Flaherty's arm, deep enough to draw blood, deep enough to wake him.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)  
 What about the dead girl?

Flaherty breathes as deeply as he can, looks into Sunday's eyes.

FLAHERTY  
 I killed her.

Flaherty closes his eyes again. Off Sunday.

10 INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Dm. Bb.

As Julian re-reads *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, he underlines sections with a pen. \*

The lights go off. Julian marks his place, puts his book down, leans back onto his pillow. Stares at the stained ceiling above. Another night in prison. \*

11 INT. SUNDAY'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Sunday sits in miles of traffic, LA in the distance. Push in on Sunday and DISSOLVE TO:

12 EXT. MANSION ON MULHOLLAND DRIVE - NIGHT - **15 YEARS AGO**

A gated mansion cut into the hillside. The lights of the valley shimmer below. Sunday, his car parked in the distance, walks toward the huge house.

A red Mercedes convertible parked out front. Sunday passes the car, takes note of it, then tries the door. It's open.

13 INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Sunday hears noises, a man's voice from deep inside the house.

MAN  
 (panic)  
 No. No. No, no, no.

Sunday follows the sound of the voice to the back bedroom.

14 INT. MANSION HALLWAY/MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sunday approaches the master bedroom, sees through the open door, a young ASIAN WOMAN, no older than 18. She lies on the bed, her throat slit from 9 to 3.

Sitting beside her, blood on his hands, A BEAUTIFUL MAN, dressed only in Armani slacks, shirtless, shoeless, in shock. JULIAN KAYE (29). Julian looks up at Sunday.

JULIAN

I didn't do this.

Sunday draws his gun, tells Julian to step away from the body.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

I didn't.

Julian stands slowly, puts his hands up, looking Sunday in the eyes, and then RUNS, through a plate glass window, out into the darkness of the canyon.

RETURN TO:

15 INT. HOMICIDE OFFICES - LAPD - DAY - **PRESENT**

Sunday sits at a carrel, surrounded by Julian Kaye's files and records.

INSIDE:

Gruesome crime scene photos of that naked woman in her bed with her throat slit. The white sheets beneath her crimson with her blood.

More photos - a man's hand print on the sheets, bloody footprints leading to the door, blood on the door handle. Then a mug shot of Julian, looking terrified. Court documents. A sentencing transcript. Life without parole, 1st degree murder. A young homicide detective, AYANNA, approaches.

AYANNA

You get what you need?

Sunday nods.

SUNDAY

You mind if I take these for a minute?

AYANNA

Go ahead.

\*

As Sunday gathers the files...

DISSOLVE TO:

16 INT. SUNDAY'S CAR - NIGHT - **15 YEARS AGO**

Sunday drives down Mulholland. Steals glances into his rear-view mirror at Julian, still dressed only in his slacks, now covered in dirt and blood.

JULIAN  
He set me up.

SUNDAY  
(plays along)  
Who?

JULIAN  
Charles Stratton.

SUNDAY  
Senator Stratton?

JULIAN  
(knows he sounds insane)  
You gotta believe me. Stratton set  
me up.

Sunday shakes his head, the guy in the back seat is clearly  
a lunatic.

JULIAN (CONT'D)  
You gotta believe me...

RETURN TO:

17 INT. JUDGE SANTIAGO'S CHAMBERS - PRESENT DAY \*

Sunday sits across from Criminal Court Judge JOSEPH SANTIAGO.  
Julian Kaye's file open between them. Mid-scene.

SUNDAY  
...Because we got it wrong.

SANTIAGO  
Simply because an inmate --

SUNDAY  
-- I wouldn't be here if I thought  
that piece of shit was lying.

Santiago exhales. He knows what's coming next.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)  
Order the DNA test. \*

SANTIAGO  
This was over 15 years ago --

SUNDAY  
-- So what? Jesus Christ. We're  
talking about a man in prison for  
something he didn't do.



SANTIAGO

Off the confession of a dying man?

SUNDAY

I'm retired, Joe. I got nothing  
else to do. So I'll just keep coming  
back again until you order the fuckin'  
test. \*

Sunday stands, walks out. Santiago looks down at the open  
file, Julian Kaye's face, beautiful even in a mug shot, stares  
back at him. We PUSH IN ON THE PHOTOGRAPH. \*

DISSOLVE TO:

18 INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - HIGH DESERT - DAY

Julian lies on his bunk, stares at the ceiling. His BUNKMATE,  
below him, sits. \*

JULIAN

La veritable de decouverte...

BUNKMATE

(unintelligible)

La veritable de decouverte... \*

JULIAN

Ne consiste pas a chercher de  
nouveaux...

BUNKMATE

Ne consiste pas...a...what the fuck  
was that?

JULIAN

Pas a chercher de nouveaux.

BUNKMATE

(hopeless)

Cherche de nouveaux.

JULIAN

Paysages, mais a avoir de nouveaux  
yeux.

BUNKMATE

Fuck it. I won't be touching no  
woman for seven more years.

JULIAN

I'll still be here if you want to  
learn then.

A GUARD approaches the cell.

GUARD

Kaye. You got a visitor.

19 INT. MEETING ROOM - LATER

Mid-scene. Julian sits in the meeting room with AINSLEY  
DESILVA, a heavy-set public defender. \*

DESILVA

...Because an inmate confessed to  
the murder of Kristine Yu. \*

Julian takes that in.

JULIAN

So?

DESILVA

Your case was re-opened. There was  
enough evidence to convince the judge. \*

JULIAN

Who confessed?

DESILVA

His name is Kevin Flaherty. Ever  
hear of him?

JULIAN

No.

DESILVA

History of rape. Murder. Child  
trafficking. \*

JULIAN

He admitted it?

DESILVA

That's right.

JULIAN

Am I being released? \*

DESILVA

Yes. You're being released, Julian. \*

Julian takes that information in; it's the last thing he  
expected to hear, a shock more than a joy at the moment.

DESILVA (CONT'D)

You're free to go home.

Off Julian, we --

\*

FADE TO BLACK:

The distant piano. Dm decays. Bb.

TITLE: AMERICAN GIGOLO

FADE IN:

20 EXT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - HIGH DESERT - DAY

Wide shot of the prison from above. Below, the sally port opens and Julian emerges, dressed in state-provided civilian clothing, a small duffel in one hand, his Proust in the other.

\*

Julian looks across to the highway where a baby blue Porsche Panamera sits parked, a woman in the driver's seat. Julian takes one last look at the prison, then walks toward the Porsche. As he does, the woman (GAIL, 55, incredibly fit) steps out of the car, walks to greet him.

GAIL

Julian. My God. Look at you.

Gail embraces Julian, kisses him on his cheek.

GAIL (CONT'D)

Let's get you out of here.

Julian gets into Gail's car. She starts the engine and pulls away, revealing SUNDAY in his old sedan, watching the Porsche drive away.

\*

Sunday puts his car in gear and follows.

21 EXT. I-10 - EASTERN CALIFORNIA

As the Porsche approaches, we hear Gail's voice...

GAIL (O.S.)

What I was *sure* was going to happen?  
My kids would leave, I'd leave my  
husband...

22 INT. PORSCHE PANAMERA - DRIVING

On Julian as he stares out his window to the desert, his window open, the hot air running across his face and through his hair. Proust on the dashboard.

\*

GAIL

...And I'd go back to being an  
interior designer...

Julian watches the world blur by, his eyes adjusting to the scale of the world around him, the vastness.

GAIL (CONT'D)

But I didn't do *any* of it. I've got a 26 and 28-year-old living at home. I spend my time shopping, going to workout classes. Still sleep in the same bed with my husband. Who hasn't touched me in years...

\*  
\*  
\*

Gail looks to Julian who hasn't been listening.

GAIL (CONT'D)

Julian?

Julian pulls his eyes from the beautiful expanse, looks to Gail.

JULIAN

You're still beautiful, Gail.

\*  
\*

GAIL

That's Dr. Gordon and his monthly hormone treatments. And my trainer Dan. And my dietician --

JULIAN

-- No. It's you. It's who you are. Not some doctor. Not some hormone shots. You.

\*

A tear runs down Gail's face. She's so unhappy.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

You can do anything you want.

GAIL

What I want? I *want* you to take me to a motel and fuck me the way you used to.

Julian doesn't respond to that. Gail fears she's overstepped...

GAIL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I didn't come here for that. I came out here because you asked me to. Nothing more.

Silence.

\*

GAIL (CONT'D)

What are you going to do now?

\*  
\*

JULIAN  
Travel.

GAIL  
Where?

Julian stares out the window at the landscape.

JULIAN  
(moving on)  
I read that gazelles can jump thirty feet. But when you put them in a zoo, they won't jump over a three foot fence.

Julian points to the exit for 29 Palms.

JULIAN (CONT'D)  
This exit.

23 EXT. INTERSECTION - 29 PALMS - DAY

Julian gets out of the car. Leans back in through the open passenger side window.

JULIAN  
Thank you.

Julian turns from the car.

GAIL  
Julian!

Julian turns. Gail hands him his book, left behind.

GAIL (CONT'D)  
The fucking gazelle story. Why don't they jump the fence?

Julian takes the book.

JULIAN  
They won't jump if they can't see where they'll land.

Gail smiles.

GAIL  
Call me when you get back to LA.

JULIAN  
I'm not coming back.

Julian leans in and kisses Gail on the lips. Gail's eyes close, her mouth opens.

Then more greedily Gail moves her tongue and teeth into Julian's mouth. Julian lets her kiss him hungrily for a moment, and then gently pulls his head away. \*

GAIL \*

Let me give you some money. \*

Julian shakes his head. \*

JULIAN \*

Thanks for the ride. \*

Julian walks away. Off Gail as she watches him go. \*

24 EXT. 29 PALMS - TWO LANE HIGHWAY - DAY

Heat pockets shimmer in the intense sunlight, nothing moves except the clouds overhead. In the near distance, an intersection.

Out of the silence, a lone 18 wheeler BLOWS through at breakneck speed. As the truck passes, behind it, almost magically, we see Julian walking toward us. \*

25 EXT. ROAD RUNNER TRAILER COURT - 29 PALMS - DAY

High above the trailer park on the edge of the highway. Sun-baked, dusty. White poor. Kids play wiffle ball in tattered clothes on the main street of the park.

We descend slowly to eye level, witnessing the children at play. Then REVERSE to find Julian watching them from a slight distance. Carefully. Almost protectively.

Julian's eyes fall upon two trailers located no more than 20 feet from each other. The trailer on the left boasts a small porch and on that porch sits an elderly woman in a house dress, poor and old, but with remarkable green eyes. Julian stares at her and we --

DISSOLVE TO:

26 EXT. ROAD RUNNER TRAILER COURT - 29 PALMS - **31 YEARS AGO** \*

Another era. The kids are basically the same, the game is the same. The paint's fresher on the trailers. Cars from the late 70s, pick-ups, each of them American made.

A BEAUTIFUL BOY, 13, athletic, gymnastic, walks on his hands around the perimeter of the game, flips from his hands to his feet and returns like a circus performer. \*

27 INT. TRAILER ON THE LEFT - SAME

Someone watches the boy from another trailer, mesmerized. Reverse to reveal a green-eyed WOMAN, bare chested, dressed in her house robe. She drinks Vodka from a plastic bottle. She picks a blanket off her couch, wraps herself in it, then opens the window, leans out. Calls out to the young boy.

GREEN-EYED WOMAN

Johnny!

Johnny ignores her.

GREEN-EYED WOMAN (CONT'D)

Johnny! I need your help!

Johnny still ignores her. The green-eyed woman holds up a can of soda.

OUTSIDE

Johnny hesitates. He knows what this means: the bathrobe, the can of soda.

He turns and looks into his own trailer where his mother MARYANNE (thirties, worn already) stands in the kitchen. She nods toward the trailer:

MARYANNE

You heard her, Johnny. She needs your *help*.

Johnny nods, obeys. He stands, walks quietly past the kids playing. The green-eyed woman opens the door to her trailer.

28 INT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Johnny steps inside, makes a small move toward the soda as the woman pulls the blinds. Before he can reach it, the woman takes it, puts it on top of the refrigerator, smiles at him.

GREEN-EYED WOMAN

That's for later.

The green-eyed woman drops her robe. Nothing on underneath. Stands naked in front of the young boy.

RETURN TO:

29 EXT. ROAD RUNNER TRAILER COURT - DAY - PRESENT

Julian stares at the now old green-eyed woman who shows no glimmer of recollection of him.

Shrugging off the memory, Julian approaches his old home, the trailer: never nice, now further worn with sun, age, elements.

Julian looks down at a row of dead cacti in their decaying ceramic pots, picks up the third to the last. Underneath, a key. \*

He picks it up. As he moves closer to the door, he can make out the sound of an afternoon soap opera. Dramatic voices, dramatic canned music. \*

30 INT. JULIAN'S MOTHER'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Julian steps inside to find his mother, MARYANNE, in her night dress in front of the television. Maryanne has given herself a crew cut and sits with her feet in an ice bath. She looks up at her son. Hardly registers surprise. \*

MARYANNE \*

I've been in a support group for mothers of murderers for 15 years. Guess I'll have to drop out now. \*

JULIAN \*

I need the money. \*

MARYANNE \*

(evading) \*

Your room's still made up if that's why you're here. \*

JULIAN \*

Where is it? \*

MARYANNE \*

You want a sandwich? I got some canned tuna -- \*

Julian walks past her, down the very short hallway and into his old tiny -- \*

31 INT. JULIAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS \*

-- Bedroom. A small single bed with ancient sports-themed sheets. Julian goes to the bed, flips the mattress. There's an old strip of electrical tape, dangling loose. A hole in the mattress. Julian reaches his hand inside. Nothing. \*

MARYANNE \*

I spent it, Johnny. How'd I fucking know you were coming back? \*

Maryanne moves back to the main room, sits down again, puts her feet back into the ice water. \*



Julian remains in his bedroom. He looks at his bed. \*

DISSOLVE TO: \*

32 INT. JULIAN'S BEDROOM - PAST

Quick cuts, impressionistic images:

- Johnny, 13, lies in bed with an older woman. \*

- Johnny, 15, with a different older woman. \*

- Johnny, 17, with yet another older woman. \*

33 INT. TRAILER - DAY - PAST

The latest woman leaves, gives Johnny's mother the money. His mother takes Johnny's pay and puts it into a Folger's can.

RETURN TO:

34 INT. TRAILER - SAME - **PRESENT**

Julian opens the closet. Inside, rows of expensive clothes that were once cased in plastic, but the plastic has torn. \*

35 INT. TRAILER - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS \*

Julian steps back into the main room. His mother has fallen asleep with the television on. The afternoon news has replaced her soap opera. A pretty, young blonde morning news show host speaks cheerfully, today's local events... \*

MICHELLE (O.S.)

You can't ignore me forever.

36 INT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION - COLIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON a woman's face. She's in her early forties, certainly a beauty now, but something about her eyes and the lines of her mouth tell us that she's lived through tough years. Pull back to see that she stands in the doorway of a teenage boy's bedroom. This is MICHELLE STRATTON. \*

MICHELLE

You're gonna have to talk to me some time.

We REVERSE to reveal COLIN STRATTON. At the window. His back to his mother. We push over him to see --

37 EXT. SACRAMENTO - GOVERNOR'S MANSION - SAME

-- Where a middle-aged WOMAN, conservatively dressed, emerges from her late-model Honda and walks toward the guest entrance.

Michelle quietly implores her son.

MICHELLE

Colin. Please.

COLIN speaks to the window, quietly:

COLIN

He hurts her, I'll kill him.

38 INT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

The woman from outside is led to a formal-looking secretary. She introduces herself, her voice shaking with nervousness:

CAVALIER

My name is Rhoda Cavalier. From the River Day School. I have an appointment with Governor Stratton.

39 INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Mrs. Cavalier steps inside to where GOVERNOR STRATTON (late 50s, Ronald Reagan type) awaits. Stratton motions for her to sit, without looking up, starts to speak.

STRATTON

How long have you been at the school, Mrs. Cavalier, 4 years? And your husband, Charles. He's a lobbyist. It is Charles, right?

The headmistress nods. Stratton finishes signing whatever it is he's signing, and leans back, looks the woman in the eyes.

STRATTON (CONT'D)

And your English teacher, Miss Shannonhouse. She's 28, correct?

\*

Cavalier nods.

STRATTON (CONT'D)

And has Miss Shannonhouse signed her NDA?

CAVALIER

Yes.

STRATTON

And agreed to move out of state?

CAVALIER

Yes.

The Governor pulls another NDA out, drops it in front of the headmistress.

STRATTON

We expect you to sign one as well.  
And any of the staff who may have  
been informed.

Mrs. Cavalier looks at the form, signs. \*

STRATTON (CONT'D)

The rest need to be returned by end  
of business. Today.

Cavalier takes a stack of Non-disclosure agreements. The aide magically re-appears, sees her out.

AIDE

This way, Mrs. Cavalier.

As the headmistress walks through the door, Michelle steps inside, stares at her husband. Stratton looks to Michelle, deeply annoyed.

STRATTON

This has to be the last time. You  
understand? I won't put up with it  
any longer.

Stratton stands, then walks out without another word. We hold on Michelle's face, and DISSOLVE BACK TO:

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)

In town for the governor's fund raiser  
at the Beverly Hilton... \*

40 EXT. TRAILER - BACKYARD - DAY

Julian walks through the sandy yard behind his mother's trailer, dusty, nothing ever grows. In the corner, a large tarp covers a hulking form. \*

Julian pulls the tarp away revealing a shape - a car with a cover locked over it. Julian breaks the lock, pulls the cover off the car from the dead girl's driveway, that red Mercedes convertible.

Julian opens the hood, pulls out the battery, drops it on the ground. \*

As he examines the engine, he feels eyes upon him, looks up to see the woman with green eyes staring at him. Julian looks away, sees a sedan approaching in the distance. The car *transforms into a LIMOUSINE*.

41 EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY - **PAST**

The limousine stops out front and a well-dressed European-looking woman in her forties (OLGA) emerges. Young Johnny watches as Olga walks past him, into the trailer, through the window, sees Olga give his mother a large wad of cash, then walk out. \*

Olga looks at Johnny, motions for him to come.

OLGA

Let's go.

Johnny looks back at his mother, confused. His mother closes the door on him. He looks back to Olga, who smiles at him.

OLGA (CONT'D)

You're with me now.

Off Johnny --

RETURN TO:

42 EXT. TRAILER - 29 PALMS - **PRESENT** \*

The sedan drives past, disappears deeper into the park.

Julian watches it go, then begins to walk toward the highway. As he goes we look at the car that just passed, now parked down the street.

Inside, Sunday's now familiar outline.

43 INT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION - DAY

Colin Stratton climbs out his window and drops two stories to the soft ground below, hits the ground and rolls easily into a somersault, then comes up on his feet and starts off in a run.

44 INT. TRAILER - DAY \*

Julian fishes his mother's gun from under her mattress, pulls ammunition from her desk. \*

MARYANNE \*

Why you takin' that? \*

Julian looks up to see his mother standing in the doorway. \*

MARYANNE (CONT'D)

Johnny?

Julian tucks the weapon in the back of his pants.

JULIAN

How much?

MARYANNE

What?

JULIAN

Always wanted to know. How much you got for me? How much Olga paid you?

MARYANNE

I don't remember.

JULIAN

Ten thousand? Twenty?

Maryanne looks away.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

More? Thirty? Fifty?

MARYANNE

Five.

Pause. Julian stares at his mother, then starts to laugh.

JULIAN

Five thousand?

MARYANNE

Yes.

JULIAN

I used to make five thousand dollars a day.

(Beat.)

You could have done so much better.

Julian walks out the door. We linger inside the old trailer. The piano returns. Dm. Bb. And with it we dissolve into a MONTAGE:

45 INT. 29 PALMS GAS STATION/ CAR REPAIR SHOP - DAY

Julian fills a gas can. Dm. Bb.

46 EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Julian starts the car. New chords, G to A.

47 EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

Julian starts the car, drives away. G to A.

Sunday watches him go, puts his car in gear, follows (from here the underlying chords of *Call Me* continue to evolve, slowly, unrecognizably).

48 EXT. MODEST RANCH HOUSE - SACRAMENTO - DAY \*

Again, from behind, we watch as Colin approaches the house, knocks on the front door. A moment later, a pretty thirty-year-old woman, ELIZABETH SHANNONHOUSE answers. \*

ELIZABETH

You can't be here.

Colin leans in and kisses her.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

You can't.

She returns the boy's kiss.

49 EXT. BEVERLY HILTON HOTEL - BALLROOM ENTRANCE - DAY

Julian pulls up outside the ballroom, where the Governor's luncheon is set for tomorrow. He gets out of his Mercedes, looks at the entrance, then looks around the back at the service entrance.

Julian turns to see Detective Sunday standing close by, leaning against his old sedan. Julian studies Sunday. \*

JULIAN \*

Didn't realize I was on parole. \*

SUNDAY \*

You're not. \*

JULIAN \*

Then why are you following me? \*

Beat. \*

SUNDAY \*

We made a huge fucking mistake. \*

Nothing I say can change it. \*

JULIAN \*

Who's we? I don't remember any other \*

detective arresting me that night. \*

I do remember you sitting in that \*

court room, testifying against me. \*

SUNDAY

I made a mistake.

JULIAN

I told you. I told you I was set up. Told you who did it.

SUNDAY

I remember.

JULIAN

You didn't even bother to look into it. Didn't do a fucking thing.

Julian moves toward his car.

SUNDAY

Don't do anything stupid, Julian. You got your freedom. Don't do anything to lose it again.

Julian says nothing, just gets into his car and drives away. Off Sunday.

50 INT. RANCH HOUSE - SACRAMENTO - DAY

A Honda Accord packed to the hilt, back seat full, trunk open and brimming. Elizabeth Shannonhouse slams the trunk closed, revealing Colin Stratton sitting in the passenger seat of her car.

Elizabeth walks around to the driver's side, gets in and pulls out. We pull back to reveal her small house, now emptied, the front door left wide open.

51 EXT. OCEAN BOULEVARD - SANTA MONICA - DAY

Julian drives his old Mercedes north. The Ocean to his left.

52 EXT. SANTA MONICA BLUFFS - DAY

Julian walks along the bluffs overlooking the Pacific Ocean. He counts benches as he goes. When he gets to the fourth he sits and stares out over the water.

MICHELLE (O.S.)

I want you to stop working.

DISSOLVE TO:

53 EXT. SANTA MONICA BLUFFS - 15 YEARS AGO

Michelle and Julian sit together, hand in hand, watch the sun drop over the Pacific.

MICHELLE  
Only be with me.

JULIAN  
Leave your husband.

Michelle meets Julian's eyes, nods.

MICHELLE  
I leave my husband, you quit your  
job.

JULIAN  
I quit my job, you move to Paris  
with me.

MICHELLE  
I move to Paris, you learn to cook.

JULIAN  
I learn to cook, you get a job.

MICHELLE  
I get a job, you bring me lunch  
everyday.

JULIAN  
I bring you lunch, you let me get  
fat.

MICHELLE  
I let you get fat, you let me get  
fat.

JULIAN  
We both get fat.

MICHELLE  
We stay together.

JULIAN  
Then I'll quit my job.

Michelle leans in, kisses Julian.

MICHELLE  
And I'll leave my husband.

RETURN TO:

54 EXT. SANTA MONICA BLUFFS - **PRESENT**

Julian blinks the memory away. Alone on the bench. He  
stands, walks away, leaving us to look out over the Pacific.



55 EXT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON, LANCASTER - EVENING

Right back where we started.

Sunday climbs out of his sedan, flashes his badge and disappears through the sally port.

56 INT. PRISON INFIRMARY, LANCASTER - EVENING

Sunday sits by Flaherty's bed. Flaherty's eyes are closed. Sunday leans close, into Flaherty's ear.

SUNDAY

Who hired you to kill the girl?

Flaherty tries to speak, but nothing comes out.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

Who?

Flaherty's eyes fall on a pillow behind Sunday. He nods toward it.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

You want another pillow?

Flaherty shakes his head, stares at Sunday.

FLAHERTY

(barely audible)

Kill me.

SUNDAY

What?

FLAHERTY

Kill me.

Flaherty nods. Sunday gets a pillow.

SUNDAY

Tell me who hired you?

Flaherty tries to speak. Sunday puts his ear close to his mouth. Listens.

FLAHERTY

Lor...Lorenzo.

\*

SUNDAY

Who's Lorenzo?

Nothing.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)  
Who the fuck is he?!

\*  
\*

FLAHERTY  
A hustler.

\*  
\*

SUNDAY  
Who did he work for?

FLAHERTY  
Stratton.

Sunday stands. Drops the pillow on the floor, walks out.

57 INT. MERCEDES - DAY

Julian drives through Beverly Hills, down Rodeo, sees Barney's.

58 EXT. RODEO DRIVE - MOMENTS LATER

As Julian disappears into Barney's, Sunday pulls up behind Julian's car, settles in.

59 INT. BARNEY'S - DAY

Julian looks at clothes, checks out price tags.

JULIAN  
Vicuna, right?

SALESWOMAN  
Yes. That's right.

JULIAN  
(looking her in the  
eyes)  
Beautiful.

SALESWOMAN  
We rarely get that particular piece  
in.

Julian looks at the price tag. 2500 dollars.

JULIAN  
Can I tell you something?

SALESWOMAN  
Yes?

JULIAN  
I don't have any money.

SALESWOMAN

I guessed.

She opens a dressing room anyway.

SALESWOMAN (CONT'D)

You'll look amazing in that.

60 INT. BARNEY'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Julian, his prison release clothes neatly folded on a stool, stands in front of the mirror. \*

OLGA (O.S.)

Take down your trousers.

DISSOLVE TO:

61 INT. BARNEY'S DRESSING ROOM - **PAST**

Olga sits and watches 'Johnny' drop his pants, stand before her in his underwear.

OLGA

Now show me your cock.

Hold on Olga's eyes as Johnny obliges her again.

OLGA (CONT'D)

Si beau.

Johnny is confused.

OLGA (CONT'D)

Hai un bel peen. Perfecto.

JOHNNY

I don't understand it.

OLGA

You will. Soon you'll not only understand it, Julian, you'll *spea*k it.

JOHNNY

Who's Julian?

OLGA

You are.

Olga steps out. Young 'Julian' continues pull on the expensive clothes.

RETURN TO:

62 INT. BARNEY'S DRESSING ROOM - **PRESENT**

The last chord dissolves and fades away as Julian finishes dressing and steps out of the dressing room to where the nervous saleswoman awaits.

SALESWOMAN

You were born to wear that.

Pause. Then, like a light has been turned on, Julian lifts his eyes and meets the saleswoman's gaze. His charm back.

JULIAN

What's your name?

SALESWOMAN

Lupe.

JULIAN

Lupe. Un nombre hermoso para una mujer hermosa.

LUPE

Thank you.

Lupe studies Julian, steps closer to him.

LUPE (CONT'D)

It would be a shame if you walked out of here without that suit.

Off Julian.

63 INT. DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Close on Lupe's face as an orgasm rocks her body.

Pull back to see Julian behind her, the fingers of his right hand inside of her. His left hand holds her breast, her nipple pinched tightly. His mouth close to her ear, but not too close.

Lupe reaches behind, grabs Julian's ass, pulls him toward her, tries to pull Julian into her.

JULIAN

No.

LUPE

Oh. God. Please.

JULIAN

No.

He waits.

LUPE  
Please. Jesus Christ. Please.

JULIAN  
No.

Lupe's breath deepens.

LUPE  
(quieter)  
Please.

JULIAN  
Yes.

Julian enters her. Off Lupe, as another orgasm begins to move through her body.

64 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - EVENING

Julian, now dressed in his new suit of clothes from Barney's, drives up to the valet station, gets out of his car and disappears inside.

65 INT. POLO LOUNGE - EVENING

The usual assortment of patrons: older entertainment executives, wealthy travelers, European, Asian, South American.

Julian steps into the bar. The Maitre d', ancient, smiles when he sees him.

MAITRE D'  
(as though Julian  
comes every night)  
Bon Soir, Monsier Kaye.

JULIAN  
Bon soir, Victor.

Julian takes a seat at the bar, listens to the voices, a table close to a couple of German entertainment investors. \*

GERMAN  
Warum investieren im film? Warum?  
Warum? Fernsehen ist alles das  
angelegenheiten nicht mer...

Two seats down, a beautiful young man sits, his look familiar to Julian: the perfect hair cut, the perfect collar, the jewelry. He looks like Julian from 20 years ago. Julian nods at him.

JULIAN  
C'est une belle journee.

YOUNG MAN  
Tous les jours en Californie.

JULIAN  
C'est vrai.

YOUNG MAN  
Parfois je vouloir a tempete de pluie.

Julian smiles.

JULIAN  
Me too. After it rains, you see  
what it really was. Why everyone  
came here.

The young man smiles. Moves closer to Julian.

YOUNG MAN  
Buy you a drink?

JULIAN  
Save the money for your clients. \*

YOUNG MAN  
Clients?

JULIAN  
You're working. I can see that. I  
don't want to bother you.

YOUNG MAN  
Working? I'm just having a drink.

JULIAN  
Sure you are.

YOUNG MAN  
I'm meeting a friend.

Julian looks across the room where a middle aged woman stands  
scanning the room.

JULIAN  
(whispers)  
She looks nervous, like she's going  
to back out. But she hates her  
husband too much to stop now.

YOUNG MAN  
What?

JULIAN

Your trick looks nervous. \*

The woman looks toward where Julian and the Young Man sit, \*  
begins to walk toward them.

YOUNG MAN

You a cop?

The young man stands to leave. Julian grabs the cuff of his  
expensive shirt.

JULIAN

No.

The woman walks up to Julian, smiles at him.

WOMAN

Graham?

JULIAN

I'm afraid I'm not. Unless you want \*  
me to be. \*

GRAHAM

I'm Graham. \*

The woman's face registers a slight disappointment. \*

JULIAN

Bonne journee.

As Graham walks away with the older woman, the sound of the \*  
table behind him, German. Julian turns to the table and we --

DISSOLVE TO:

66 INT. POLO LOUNGE - PAST - 15 YEARS AGO

Julian, 29, sits at the bar with his longtime partner-in-  
crime and fellow Olga-boy LORENZO (early 30s, darker skin, \*  
older, muscular, dangerous). While Julian is all Gucci and \*  
clean timeless lines, Lorenzo is a billboard for 2004. Spiked  
hair, collared shirt underneath another collared button down  
shirt, tight shell necklace, too large diamond earring,  
Livestrong bracelet, studded belt. Lorenzo just might be  
Italian. He certainly has a thick accent.

LORENZO

You take Mrs. Alexander tonight.  
For lunch, can you pick up Mrs.  
Balefsky?

Julian's attention has wandered. To a beautiful WOMAN who  
sits at a nearby table.

LORENZO (CONT'D)

Julian?

JULIAN

Yeah?

He keeps his eyes on her. Michelle. At a table with her husband Charles Stratton and wealthy CHINESE COUPLE.

LORENZO

You do the overnight at Janice Finn's?

JULIAN

What?

LORENZO

I take Mrs. Payton...

Michelle stares at Julian. It's an instant attraction. Michelle, almost beyond her control.

JULIAN

I don't feel like it tonight. You  
take 'em all.

\*  
\*

LORENZO

All of them --

\*  
\*

JULIAN

-- You can handle it.

\*  
\*

Michelle stands, excuses herself and walks toward the bathroom, keeping her eyes trained on Julian the entire time. Julian watches her go. Stands to follow.

\*

67 INT. LOBBY - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - **PAST**

Julian follows Michelle to the lobby. Michelle stops, turns, looks at Julian. She smiles.

JULIAN

What's your name?

MICHELLE

Michelle. Yours?

Julian stops to think. He doesn't feel like Julian suddenly. Instead:

JULIAN

(his real name)

John.

\*

And so it begins.



The present day sounds of the men speaking German brings us  
BACK TO: \*

68 INT. POLO LOUNGE - **PRESENT**

Julian continues to stare at the table where Michelle sat 15  
years ago, that ongoing business dinner going with the German  
businessmen. \*

LORENZO (O.S.)  
(Italian accent)  
Julian? \*

Julian turns to find LORENZO (now 50, thick and giving in to  
middle age, thick head of graying black hair, bespoke Italian  
suit, fifteen-hundred-dollar tasseled loafers). \*

LORENZO (CONT'D)  
Julian. Let me look at you.  
(Beat.)  
My God. You're so thin. \*

JULIAN  
Prison food. \*

LORENZO  
No I'm jealous! You look beautiful. \*

Lorenzo opens his huge arms, envelopes Julian in a bear hug.  
Kisses the top of his head. \*

LORENZO (CONT'D)  
I'm so glad you're back. I never  
lost faith. \*

Tears spring to Lorenzo's eyes. \*

LORENZO (CONT'D)  
I knew you were innocent, Julian.  
Always knew. Always knew you couldn't  
do a thing like that. \*

JULIAN  
I appreciate everything you did for  
me. \*

LORENZO  
What, I brought you books. Food. I  
did hardly a thing. \*

JULIAN  
You remembered me. No one else did. \*

Pause. \*

LORENZO  
Do you need money?

Julian shakes his head.

LORENZO (CONT'D)  
A place to stay?

JULIAN  
I'm just here for a day.

LORENZO  
And then?

JULIAN  
Paris.

Two drinks are set down in front of them.

LORENZO  
Then tonight. We should celebrate.

JULIAN  
Yeah?

LORENZO  
Nothing's left from before. The  
clubs, the bars. Only this place.  
And this place is a fucking bore.

Lorenzo fishes into his pocket, brings out two tabs of Molly.

LORENZO (CONT'D)  
What do you say, Julian Kaye?

Julian hesitates, then picks up the pill. Lorenzo picks up his. They both put them in their mouths, drink.

69 EXT. TROPICANA BAR/ROOSEVELT ROOFTOP - LATER

Julian is tripping. Dancing. Smiling. Not a fucking care in the world. As he dances, Julian looks around the room. People are isolated even though they're together. On their cell phones, not talking to each other. Scrolling their dating apps, their texts, not even seeing any one else.

Julian keeps dancing.

70 EXT. TROPICANA BAR - LATER

Julian leans against the bar, drink in hand. A beautiful WOMAN stands next to him, staring into her phone.

JULIAN  
Why do you do that?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Excuse me?

JULIAN

Stare at your phone. Like you're hiding.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

I'm not hiding.

JULIAN

But you're not really here.

She shrugs. Walks away. Julian drinks, turns to Lorenzo.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Why doesn't anyone talk to each other anymore.

Lorenzo shows Julian apps on his phone.

LORENZO

Tindr, Grinder, Down Dating, Happn, Casualx, Pure.

JULIAN

(confused)  
What?

LORENZO

Here. Look.

Julian goes through one of the apps.

LORENZO (CONT'D)

Sex is free. Sex is easy. Sure, you've got the older ladies who are fucking *luddista*, but anyone under the age of 40 has a different way of getting whatever they want whenever they want.

Lorenzo waves to the waiter, whose gender is hard to peg.

LORENZO (CONT'D)

Two more!

(beat)

When you went away it was simpler. You had hetero and homosexual. Lesbian, Bisexual, Gay. Right? Okay. Look around this place. You got what we used to have, but now there's pansexual, bicurious, polysexual, monosexual, allsexual,  
(MORE)

LORENZO (CONT'D)  
androssexual, gynosexual, questioning.  
Asexual, demisexual...

Lorenzo trails off - he's lost Julian, who has put the phone  
down as if it's radioactive and just stares over the quiet  
scene. Lorenzo smiles at his friend.

LORENZO (CONT'D)  
What's the story, you know, the man  
who slept like twenty years.

JULIAN  
I don't know.

LORENZO  
Venti anni. That's you.

JULIAN  
It was fifteen.

Julian's mind moves on, his trip intensifies. He moves toward  
a chaise lounge, sits down.

LORENZO  
Quidici anni? No. Venti sounds  
better.

Then older Lorenzo MORPHS into his younger self. And suddenly  
Julian finds himself at --

71 EXT. OLGA'S HOUSE - MALIBU - DAY - **31 YEARS AGO**

Lorenzo lies by the pool in a speedo, tanning.

Olga brings young Julian, now dressed in his Barney's clothes,  
out to meet the older, more muscular, oiled up 16 year old  
LORENZO. Lorenzo reads a book on Italian.

OLGA  
Lorenzo, you'll take care of Julian  
until he's ready to work on his own.

Olga turns and walks away. Lorenzo takes another look at  
Julian. Finally.

JULIAN  
What are you doing?

He holds up his book.

LORENZO  
(no accent)  
She's making me learn Italian.  
(MORE)

LORENZO (CONT'D)

She makes all of us learn a language.  
She'll make you learn one too. But.  
she'll get you clothes. And a guy  
comes over once a week to cut our  
hair. We even get our nails done.

Julian looks away, uncomfortable.

LORENZO (CONT'D)

It's a lot better than sucking dick  
on Santa Monica Boulevard.

RETURN TO:

72 EXT. ROOSEVELT ROOFTOP - **PRESENT**

Julian blinks away the memory. Lorenzo is back in the throngs  
of people, dancing. Lorenzo smiles at him.

LORENZO

Hey. Rip Van Winkle. You in there?

Julian tries to keep his eyes open.

LORENZO (CONT'D)

You gonna sleep another twenty years?

Julian closes his eyes.

73 EXT. ROOSEVELT HOTEL - NIGHT

Sunday pulls up in his sedan, settles in for the night.

TIME LAPSE: Night turns to day.

74 INT. ROOM IN THE ROOSEVELT HOTEL - DAWN

Julian wakes up, his head throbbing from last night's drugs.

He forces himself to sit up, looks around at the detritus of  
last night's party, most of which he can't remember.

His Proust on the table, on top of it a note from Lorenzo  
with a phone number.

75 INT. CHEAP MOTEL OFF INTERSTATE 10 - DAWN

Elizabeth Shannonhouse naked on the bed, her eyes closed,  
her mouth wide open.

ELIZABETH

Oh my God. My God. God.

She comes. Then laughs. Colin, his back to us, emerges from between her legs, crawls over her body, kisses her.

76 EXT. ROOSEVELT HOTEL - MORNING

Julian walks to his car, opens the trunk. Pulls out his small duffel.

77 INT. MERCEDES - MOMENTS LATER

Julian sits in the driver's seat, Proust on the dashboard. He pulls out his gun. Reaches into his bag and produces a box of bullets. Begins to load the weapon. Then stops. Puts the gun away.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

78 INT. GOVERNOR'S SUV - DAY

Stratton and Michelle sit in the back seat, not speaking, not making eye contact.

MICHELLE

You don't have to send your people after them.

Stratton ignores her.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

He'll come back.

STRATTON

He's not going to embarrass me anymore.

\*

Michelle falls silent as the SUV pulls up to the Beverly Hilton and comes to a stop.

STRATTON (CONT'D)

Now please try to fucking smile.

Stratton steps out to his public. Off Michelle composing herself to follow.

79 EXT. BEVERLY HILTON BALLROOM - SAME

Julian stands in the crowd, Proust in hand, scanning the space. Pushes himself closer to the front as the Governor's SUV arrives.

\*

A moment later, members of a security detail open the door for Governor Stratton to step out, followed a moment later by Michelle. Julian locks his eyes on the couple, and begins to press ahead toward them. Reporters and photographers shout:

PHOTOGRAPHER

Governor Stratton! Over here!  
Governor Stratton!

As Julian advances, reveal Sunday, six feet behind him,  
pushing his way through the crowd after him. Julian pushes  
to the front of the line as the Governor stops to shake hands.

STRATTON

Good to see you. Thank you for  
coming. Thank you so much for your  
support.

As Stratton poses for pictures with his constituents,  
Michelle moves forward without him.

JULIAN

Michelle.

Julian and Michelle lock eyes. She gasps.

MICHELLE

John.

The crowd presses against her. Julian presses his book into  
her hands.

JULIAN

Keep going. Just keep going.

Michelle is swept up by the crowd and security. Julian steps  
away from her, then pushes through the crowd toward the  
Governor.

MICHELLE

John!

Julian comes closer to Stratton.

JULIAN

Governor! Governor!

Julian reaches into his pocket and feels for his gun.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Governor Stratton! Governor Stratton!

Stratton turns to his voice and the two men lock eyes. A  
look of recognition in Stratton's eyes. Before Julian can  
pull his gun from his pocket, he feels something jab him in  
the back, then feels someone grab his arm. Sunday.

SUNDAY

Don't you fucking do it.

The governor moves past.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

Don't you fucking move. \*

Julian remains frozen. Sunday reaches into his jacket, pulls his gun from his pocket deftly, without anyone seeing. And quickly puts it into his own pocket. \*

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

Let's go. \*

Sunday walks Julian away from the crowd.

80 INT. PARKING - BEVERLY HILTON - DAY \*

Sunday walks Julian through the underground parking lot, gun still in his back. \*

JULIAN

Where are you taking me? \*

Sunday says nothing. \*

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Sunday. \*

Sunday gets to his car, unlocks the back seat. \*

SUNDAY

Get in. \*

Julian slides into the back seat. Sunday, gun still drawn, follows him. \*

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

Who's Lorenzo? \*

JULIAN

Don't know anyone by that name. \*

SUNDAY

Fuck you. The guy you partied with last night. The fat hustler. Who was he to you? \*

JULIAN

My friend. He's my friend. \*

SUNDAY

No he's not. \*

(Beat.) \*

I talked to Flaherty. He told me. He said Lorenzo was the one who came to him to kill the girl. \*



JULIAN

You're lying.

Sunday reaches into the front seat, grabs a file.

SUNDAY

Look at this.

He drops the file in front of Julian.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

Look.

Julian opens the file. Inside papers, pictures. Surveillance. Photos of Lorenzo with Flaherty. Photos of Lorenzo sitting at a table with several Chinese businessmen and Stratton. Julian takes that in: Lorenzo is sitting with Stratton.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

Your friend set you up.

Julian stares at the photo. His head spinning.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

Night I arrested you. You sat in my car and kept saying that Stratton framed you.

JULIAN

Yeah.

SUNDAY

Why would he do that?

JULIAN

His wife fell in love with me.

SUNDAY

Your line of work, that's gotta happen all the time.

JULIAN

I fell in love with his wife.

Sunday nods, understands the implications. Getting that piece of the puzzle, finally.

SUNDAY

Lorenzo's a very bad guy, Julian. Involved in bad shit. And what he's in the middle of goes all the way to Stratton.

Julian hands the file back to Sunday.

JULIAN  
You arresting me?

SUNDAY  
What?

JULIAN  
Are you taking me in?

SUNDAY  
No.

JULIAN  
I can go?

SUNDAY  
Yes.

As Julian moves to get out of the car, Sunday takes his arm.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)  
You could help put these guys away.  
You know that. You wanna get even  
with that piece of shit Stratton.  
You can help put them away.

Julian shakes his head, gets out. Walks away without another  
word, through the dark underground structure. Off Sunday  
watching him go.

81 INT. GOVERNOR'S MANSIO - COLIN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Michelle, Julian's dog-eared Proust book in hand, sits on  
the empty bed in her runaway son's room. She opens the book -  
the pages are highlighted, underlined. She reads the first  
passage. "*People are not tolerant of the tears that they  
themselves provoked.*"

82 EXT. SEPULVEDA BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Julian drives toward LAX. Waits at the light before the  
entrance. A plane lands in front of him. Then another takes  
off. Air France. Julian watches it ascend into the nighttime  
sky. As it disappears into black, we DISSOLVE TO:

83 INT. LA COUNTY JAIL - VISITING - **15 YEARS AGO**

Julian sits behind plexiglass, alone. His eyes flick up  
when Michelle enters.

She sits down across from him, picks up the phone. Pause.  
Tears run down her face.

MICHELLE  
I waited. For hours. At the bench.  
Until the sun came up.

JULIAN  
I know.

MICHELLE  
And then...and then the news...

JULIAN  
I know.

MICHELLE  
You could never do something like  
this.

JULIAN  
I didn't.

MICHELLE  
Let me help you. I can hire a lawyer.  
I can tell the police everything  
about us and --

JULIAN  
-- Don't.

MICHELLE  
John.

\*

Michelle leans her forehead against the glass. Julian leans  
his against the opposite side.

JULIAN  
You know why I'm in here. You know  
what could happen to you?

MICHELLE  
I know.

JULIAN  
Walk away from me. We never met.

MICHELLE  
I love you.

JULIAN  
We never met.

There's nothing more to say, they remain there for a moment.  
And then Julian stands up and walks back into the prison.  
The door closes behind him.

RETURN TO:

84 EXT. LAX - NOW \*

Julian lets the memory go, then, suddenly veers across three  
lanes. Makes a U-Turn. Drives north. \*

85 INT. POLO LOUNGE - EVENING \*

Julian walks inside, finds Lorenzo sitting at the bar waiting  
for him. \*

LORENZO \*

Julian. \*

Lorenzo motions to the bartender. Julian sits down. \*

LORENZO (CONT'D) \*

I thought you were going to Paris. \*

JULIAN \*

I was. I changed my mind. \*

LORENZO \*

I'm glad you did. I'm glad to see  
you again. \*

The drinks are set down. Julian looks to Lorenzo. \*

JULIAN \*

You said something last night. \*

LORENZO \*

Yeah? \*

JULIAN \*

About the business changing. \*

LORENZO \*

Yeah. It has. \*

JULIAN \*

How do you make money if sex is free? \*

LORENZO \*

You just gotta get creative. \*

JULIAN \*

What does that mean? \*

LORENZO \*

Cater more and more to the niche  
market. \*

JULIAN \*

But what is it that exactly? \*

Lorenzo studies Julian. Shrugs. \*

LORENZO \*  
Don't worry about it. \*

Pause. \*

JULIAN \*  
I want to come back to work. \*

LORENZO \*  
No Paris? \*

JULIAN \*  
Not yet. \*

Lorenzo nods. \*

LORENZO \*  
Olga doesn't run things anymore. \*

JULIAN \*  
Who does? \*

LORENZO \*  
Isabelle. Olga's niece. \*  
(Beat.) \*  
You'll have to talk to her first. \*

Lorenzo downs his drink. Julian follows suit. \*

JULIAN \*  
Let's go. \*

Again, Lorenzo studies Julian. A moment too long. But then his smile returns broadly. \*

LORENZO \*  
Julian fucking Kaye. Getting the \*  
band back together. \*

Julian and Lorenzo walk through the bar, past the LOUNGE SINGER at her piano. She plays the chords we've been hearing throughout - Dm. Bb. G to A.

As Julian and Lorenzo and disappear through the back door behind her, the singer leans into her microphone and begins her song: *Color me your color baby. Color me your car.*

86 INT. DRIVING - NIGHT

Elizabeth Shannonhouse drives.

*Color me your color, darling. I know who you are. Come up off your color chart. I know where you're comin' from.*

From behind Colin's head, Los Angeles in the distance.

*Call me. On the line. Call me call me call me anytime.*

Reverse to finally SEE the boy's face: He is the spitting image of Julian as a teenager. The absolute spitting image.

Push in on Colin's face. *Call me, my love. You can call me any day or night. Call me.*

87 INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

Close on Julian, following Lorenzo's Porsche north on the PCH, the wind whipping through the car. *Color me with kisses baby, cover me with love.*

Lorenzo pulls into the turning lane, Julian behind him. *Roll me in designer sheets I'll never get enough.*

The garage opens and both Lorenzo and Julian pull their cars inside. *Emotions come I don't know why.*

As the garage door closes, we find Sunday, in his old sedan, settling in for the night across the street. *Cover up love's alibi.*

88 EXT. OLGA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Graham opens the door to allow Julian and Lorenzo into the house.

GRAHAM

You again.

Graham steps back to allow Julian into the --

89 INT. OLGA'S HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Where ISABELLE awaits. She's thirty, tall, intense. She stares at Julian for a long moment. Then looks to Lorenzo.

ISABELLE

Go in.

Lorenzo continues deeper into the house. Isabelle looks at Julian, takes him in from head to toe.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

Julian. I'm Isabelle. \*

JULIAN

Nice to meet you. \*

ISABELLE

Oh we've met. \*

JULIAN  
Remind me.

ISABELLE  
I was 11. I used to play here, on  
the beach. You were the most  
beautiful man I'd ever seen.

JULIAN  
(lies)  
I do remember you.

ISABELLE  
Of course you don't.

Isabelle takes Julian's hand. Leads him into the house.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)  
My aunt isn't herself anymore. Her  
mind has gone. Sad. You'll see.

Julian nods.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)  
Treat her like you used to, but  
everything runs through me.

Julian and Isabelle, followed by Lorenzo step into the --

90 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where the new world Lorenzo was describing awaits, a room  
full of beautiful young sex workers all staring into their  
iPhones: Gay, straight. Cisgender. Transgender. Genderfluid,  
agender, bigender, polygender, all different skin colors.  
*Call me. On the line. Call me call me anytime.*

LORENZO  
See. Nothing's like it used to be.

JULIAN  
No.

LORENZO  
You ask me, it's better.

Then OLGA appears, pushed in a wheelchair by her caretaker.  
She's had a stroke, can only move her right side. Her face  
half-paralyzed.

OLGA  
(slurred)  
Julian.

Julian moves to her. Olga looks up, tears in her eyes.  
*Call me. Oh love. When you're ready we can share the wine.*

OLGA (CONT'D)  
 (slurred)  
 Julian. Mon amour.

Olga struggles to her feet, embraces Julian.

OLGA (CONT'D)  
 Il mio amore.

*Call me.*

Olga holds Julian in her embrace. Then whispers into his ear.

OLGA (CONT'D)  
 Don't stay here. They'll kill you.

Julian takes that in. Then, quietly kisses Olga on the mouth and helps her back into her chair.

ISABELLE  
 (to the nurse)  
 Take her out for some air. \*

A helper wheels Olga away. \*

ISABELLE (CONT'D) \*

What do you do? \*

JULIAN \*

Do? \*

ISABELLE \*

Who will you be with? Women? Men? \*

JULIAN \*

Anyone. I'll be with anyone. \*

ISABELLE \*

Well. Tonight you'll be with me. \*

Isabelle takes Julian's hand. Leads him past Lorenzo and out of the room. \*

91 INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Isabelle walks Julian in, closes the door behind him. She kisses him on the mouth, then steps back. She leads Julian to the edge of the bed.

ISABELLE

Take off your jacket, your shirt.



Julian slowly removes his jacket. Then his shirt.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)  
Your pants.

JULIAN  
(used to this game)  
No.

ISABELLE  
No?

JULIAN  
Your dress. Now.

Isabelle smiles. She drops her dress, stands before Julian in only her panties. Julian walks over to her, puts his hand on her stomach, slides it down to her pubic bone. Presses, but goes no further. Isabelle leans toward him. Julian holds her at a distance.

JULIAN (CONT'D)  
Don't move.

Julian leans into her, kisses her mouth, bites her lip.

JULIAN (CONT'D)  
Don't move.

Julian runs his hand between her legs. Slowly.

ISABELLE  
You're going to show me what you can do.

Julian moves his finger inside of her. She gasps.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)  
The famous Julian Kaye.

She gasps again. Off Julian, we FADE OUT.